THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS'

MILLENNIAL STAR.

"AND THEY THAT BE WISE SHALL SHINE AS THE BRIGHTNESS OF THE FIRMAMENT AND THEY THAT TURN MANY TO RIGHTEOUSNESS AS THE STARS FOR EVER AND EVER."—*Daniel.*

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THE MORMONS.

A DISCOURSE DELIVERED BEFORE THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF PENNSYLVANIA MARCH 26, 1850.

BY THOMAS L. KANE.

"O quantus fervor omnium religiosorum in principio suæ sanctæ institutionis finit!"
De Im. J. C. I. 18.

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He did not fail till somewhere hard upon noon. He then began to grow restless, to know accurately the distance traveled. He made them give him water, too, much more frequently; and when they stopped for this purpose, asked a number of obscure questions. A little after this he discovered himself that a film had come over his eyes. He confessed that this was discouraging; but said with stubborn resignation, that if denied to *see* the brethren, he still should *hear* the sound of their voices.

After this, which was when he was hardly three miles from our camp, he lay very quiet, as if husbanding his strength; but when he had made, as is thought, a full mile further, being interrogated by the woman that was driving, whether she should stop, he answered her, as she avers, "No, no! go on!"

The anecdote ends badly. They brought him in dead, I think about five o'clock of the afternoon. He had on his clean clothes, as he had dressed himself in the morning, looking forward to his arrival.

Beside the common duty of guiding and assisting these unfortunates, the companies in the van united in providing the highway for the entire body of emigrants. The Mormons have laid out for themselves a road through the Indian Territory, over four hundred leagues in length, with substantial, well-built bridges, fit for the passage of heavy artillery, over all the streams, except a few great rivers where they have established permanent ferries. The nearest unfinished bridging to the Papillon camp was that of the Corne á Cerf, of Elk Horn, a tributary of the Platte, distant may be a couple of hours' march. Here, in

what seemed to be an incredibly short space of time, there rose the seven great piers and abutments of a bridge, such as might challenge honors for the entire public-spirited population of Lower Virginia. The party detailed to the task worked in the broiling sun, in water beyond depth, and up to their necks, as if engaged in the perpetration of some pointed and delightful practical joke. The chief sport lay in floating along with the logs, cut from the overhanging timber up the stream, guiding them till they reached their destination, and then plunging them under water in the precise spot where they were to be secured. This the laughing engineers would execute with the agility of happy diving ducks.

Our nearest ferry was that over the Missouri. Nearly opposite the Pull Point, or Point aux Poules, a trading post of the American Fur Company, and village of the Pottawatamies, they had gained a favorable crossing, by making a deep cut for the road through the steep right bank. And here, without intermission, their flat-bottomed scows plied, crowded with the wagons, and cows, and sheep, and children, and furniture of the emigrants, who, in waiting their turn, made the woods around smoke with their crowding camp fires. But no such good fortune as a gratuitous passage awaited the heavy cattle, of whom, with the others, no less than 30,000 were at this time on their way westward: these were made to earn it by swimming.

A heavy freshet had at this time swollen the river to a width, as I should judge, of something like a mile and a half, and dashed past, its fierce current rushing, gurgling, and eddying, as if thrown from a mill race, or *scriptural* fountain of the deep. Its aspect did not invite the oxen to their duty, and the labor was to force them to it. They were gathered in little troops upon the shore, and driven forward till they lost their footing. As they turned their heads to return, they encountered the combined opposition of a clamorous crowd of bystanders, vieing with each other in the pungent administration of inhospitable affront. Then rose their hub-hub; their geeing, and wooing, and hawing; their yelling, and yelping, and screaming; their hooting, and hissing, and pelting. The rearmost steers would hesitate to brave such a rebuff; halting, they would impede the return of the outermost; they all would waver; wavering for a moment, the current would sweep them together downward. At this juncture a fearless youngster, climbing upon some brave bull in the front rank, would urge him boldly forth into the stream; the rest then surely followed; a few moments saw them struggling in mid current; a few more, and they were safely landed on the opposite shore. The driver's was the sought-after post of honor here; and sometimes, when repeated failures have urged them to emulation, I have seen the youths, in stepping from back to back of the struggling monsters, or swimming in among their battling hoofs, display feats of address and hardihood, that would have made Franconi's or the Madrid bullring vibrate with bravos of applause. But in the hours after hours that I have watched this sport at the ferry side, I never heard an oath or the language of quarrel, or knew it provoke the least sign of ill-feeling.

After the sorrowful word was given out to halt, and make preparation for winter, a chief labor became the making of hay; and with every day-dawn brigades of mowers would take up the march to their positions in chosen meadows — a prettier sight than a charge of cavalry — as they laid their swarths, whole companies of scythes abreast. Before this time the manliest as well as the most general daily labor, was the herding of the cattle; the only wealth of the Mormons, and more and more cherished by them with the increasing pastoral character of their lives. A camp could not be pitched in any spot without soon exhausting the freshness of the pasture around it, and it became an ever recurring task to guide the cattle, in unbroken droves, to the nearest place where it was still fresh and fattening. Sometimes it was necessary to go farther, to distant ranges which were known as feeding grounds of the Buffalo. About these there were sure to prowl parties of thievish Indians; and each drove therefore had its escort of mounted men and boys, who learned self-reli-

ance and heroism while on night-guard alone, among the silent hills. But generally the cattle were driven from the camp at the dawn of the morning, and brought back, thousands together, in the evening, to be picketed in the great corral or enclosure, where beeves, bulls, cows and oxen, with the horses, mules, hogs, calves, sheep and human beings, could all look together upon the red watch-fires, with the feeling of security when aroused by the Indian stampede, or the howlings of the prairie wolves at moonrise.

When they set about building their winter houses, too, the Mormons went into quite considerable timbering operations, and performed desperate feats of carpentry. They did not come ornamental gentlemen or raw apprentices, to extemporise new versions of Robinson Crusoe. It was a comfort to notice the readiness with which they turned their hands to woodcraft; some of them, though I believe these had generally been bred carpenters, wheelwrights, or more particularly boat builders, quite out doing the most notable *voyageurs* in the use of the axe. One of these would fell a tree, strip off its bark, cut and split up the trunk in piles of plank, scantling, or shingles; make posts, and pins, and pales—everything wanted almost of the branches; and treat his toil, from first to last, with more sportive flourish than a school-boy whittling his shingle.

Inside the camp the chief labors were assigned to the women. From the moment, when after the halt, the lines had been laid, the spring-wells dug out, and the ovens and fire-places built, though the men still assumed to set the guards and enforce the regulations of police, the empire of the tented town was with the better sex. They were the chief comforters of the severest sufferers, the kind nurses who gave them in their sickness, those dear attentions, with which pauperism is hardly poor, and which the greatest wealth often fails to buy. And they were a nation of wonderful managers. They could hardly be called housewives in etymological strictness, but it was plain they had once been such, and most distinguished ones. Their art availed them in their changed affairs. With almost their entire culinary material limited to the milk of their cows, some store of meal or flour and a very few condiments, they brought their thousand and one receipts into play with a success that outdid for their families the miracle of the Hebrew widow's cruise. They learnd to make butter on a march by the dashing of the wagon, and so nicely to calculate the working of barm in the jolting heats, that as soon after the halt as an oven could be dug in the hill side and heated, their well-kneaded loaf was ready for baking, and produced good leavened bread for supper. I have no doubt the appetizing zest, their humble lore succeeded in impart- to diet which was both simple and meagre, availed materially for the health as well as the comfort of the people.

But the first duty of the Mormon women was, through all change of place and fortune, to keep alive the altar fire of home. Whatever their manifold labors for the day, it was their effort to complete them against the sacred hour of evening fall. For by that time all the out-workers, scouts, ferrymen or bridgemen, road-makers, herdsmen, or hay-makers, had finished their tasks and come into their rest. And before the last smoke of the supper-fire curled up, reddening in the glow of sunset, a hundred chimes of cattle bells announced their looked-for approach across the open hills; and the women went out to meet them at the camp gates, and with their children in their laps sat by them at the cherished family meal, and talked over the events of the well spent day.

But every day closed as every day began, with an invocation of the Divine favor; without which, indeed, no Mormon seemed to dare to lay him down to rest. With the first shining of the stars, laughter and loud talking hushed, the neighbor went his way, you heard the last hymn sung, and then the thousand-voiced murmur of prayer was heard, like babbling water falling down the hills.

There was no austerity, however, about the religion of Mormonism. Their fasting and penance, it is no jest to say, was altogether involuntary.

They made no merit of that. They kept the Sabbath with considerable strictness: they were too close copyists of the wanderers of Israel in other respects not to have learned like them the value of this most admirable of the Egypto-Mosaic institutions. But the rest of the week, their religion was independent of ritual observance. They had the sort of strong-stomached faith that is still found embalmed in sheltered spots of Catholic Italy and Spain, with the spirit of the believing or dark ages. It was altogether too strongly felt to be dependent on intellectual ingenuity or careful caution of the ridiculous. It mixed itself up fearlessly with the common transactions of their every-day life, and only to give them liveliness and color.

If any passages of life bear better than others a double interpretation, they are the adventures of travel and of the field. What old persons call discomforts and discouraging mishaps, are the very elements to the young and sanguine of what they are willing to term "fun." The Mormons took the young and hopeful side. They could make sport and frolic of their trials, and often turn right sharp suffering into right round laughter against themselves. I certainly heard more jests and "Joe Millers" while in this Papillon camp than I am likely to hear in all the remainder of my days.

This, too, was at a time of serious affliction. Beside the ordinary suffering from insufficient food and shelter, distressing and mortal sickness, exacerbated, if not originated, by these causes, was generally prevalent.

In the camp nearest us on the West, which was that of the bridging party near the Corne, the number of its inhabitants being small enough to invite computation, I found, as early as the 31st of July, that 37 per cent. of its inhabitants were down with the fever, and a strange sort of scorbutic disease, frequently fatal, which they named the Black Canker. The camps to the East of us, which were all on the eastern side of the Missouri, were yet worse fated.

The climate of the entire upper 'Misery Bottom' as they term it, is during a considerable part of summer and autumn singularly pestiferous. Its rich soil, which is to a depth far beyond the reach of the plow, as fat as the earth of kitchen garden, or compost heap, is annually the forcebed of a vegetation as rank as that of the Tropics. To render its fatal fertility the greater, it is everywhere freely watered by springs, and creeks, and larger streams, that flow into it from both sides. In the season of draught, when the Sun enters Virgo, these dry down till they run impure as open sewers, exposing to the day foul broad flats, mere quagmires of black dirt, stretching along for miles, unvaried, except by the limbs of half-buried carrion tree trunks, or by occasional yellow pools of what the children call frog spawn; altogether steaming up thick vapors redolent of the savor of death.

The same is the habit of the Great River. In the beginning of August, its shores hardly could contain the millions of forest logs, and tens of billions of gallons of turbid water, that came rushing down together from its mountain head-gates. But before the month was out, the freshet had all passed by; the river diminished one half, threaded feebly southward through the centre of the valley, and the mud of its channel, baked and creased, made a wide tile pavement between the choking crowd of reeds, and sedgy grasses, and wet stalked weeds, and growths of marsh meadow flowers, the garden homes, at this tainted season, of venom-crazy snakes, and the fresher ooze by the water's edge, which stank in the sun like a naked muscle shoal.

Then the plague raged. I have no means of ascertaining the mortality of the Indians who inhabited the Bottom. In 1845, the year previous, which was not more unhealthy, they lost one-ninth of their number in about two months. The Mormons were scourged severely. The exceeding mortality among some of them, was, no doubt, in the main, attributable to the low state to which their systems had been brought by long continued endurance of want and hardship. It is to be remembered also, that they were the first turners up of the prairie sod, and that this of itself made them liable to the sickness of new countries. It

was where their agricultural operations had been most considerable, and in situations on the left bank of the river, where the prevalent south-west winds wafted to them the miasmata of its shores, that disease was most rife.*

In some of these the fever prevailed to such an extent that hardly any escaped it. They let their cows go unmilked. They wanted for voices to raise the Psalm of Sundays. The few who were able to keep their feet, went about among the tents and wagons with food and water, like nurses through the wards of an infirmary. Here at one time the digging got behind hand; burials were slow; and you might see women sit in the open tents keeping the flies off their dead children, sometime after decomposition had set in.

In our own camp, for a part of August and September, things wore an unpleasant aspect enough.§ Its situation was one much praised for its comparative salubrity; but, perhaps, on this account, the number of cases of fever among us was increased by the hurrying arrival, from other localities, of parties in whom the virus leaven of disease was fermented by forced travel.

But I am excused sufficiently the attempt to get up for your entertainment here any circumstantial picture of horrors, by the fact, that at the most interesting season, I was incapacitated for nice observation by an attack of Fever—mine was what they call the Congestive—that it required the utmost use of all my faculties to recover from. I still kept my tent in the camp line; but, for as much as a month, had very small notion of what went on among my neighbors. I recollect overhearing a lamentation over some dear baby, that its mother no doubt thought the destroying angel should have been specially instructed to spare. I wish, too, for my own sake, I could forget how imperfectly one day I mourned the decease of a poor Saint, who by clamor rendered his vicinity troublesome. He, no doubt, endured great pain; for he groaned shockingly till death came to his relief. He interfered with my own hard-gained slumbers, and—I was glad when Death did relieve him.

Before my attack, I was fond of conversing with an amiable old man, I think English born, who having then recently buried his only daughter and grandson, used to be seen sitting out before his tent resting his sorrowful forehead on his hands, joined over a smooth white oak staff. I missed him when I got about again; probably he had been my mourning neighbor.

So, too, having been much exercised in my dreams at this time, by the vision of dismal processions, such as might have been formed by the union in line of all the forlornest and ugliest of the struggling fugitives from Nauvoo, I happen to recall as I write, that I had some knowledge somewhere of one of our new comers, for whom the nightmare revived and repeated without intermission the torment of his trying journey. As he lay feeding life with long drawn breaths, he muttered: "Where's next water? Team give out! Hot, hot—God, it's hot: Stop the wagon—stop, stop the wagon!" They woke him;—to his own content—but I believe returning sleep ever renewed his distressing visions, till the sounder slumber came on from which no earthly hand or voice could rouse him; into which I hope he did not carry them.

In a half dreamy way, I remember, or I think I remember, a crowd of phantoms like these. I recall but one fact, however, going far in proof of a considerable mortality. Earlier in the season, while going westward, with the intention of passing the Rocky Mountains that summer, I had opened, with the assistance of Mormon spades and shovels, a large mound on a commanding elevation, the tomb of a warrior of the ancient race; and continuing on my way, had left a deep trench excavated entirely through it. Returning fever-struck to the Papillon camp, I found it planted close by this spot. It was just forming as I arrived; the

* It is certain that there is no sickness among the present inhabitants of this region comparable to that of 1846.

§ This camp was moved by the beginning of October to winter quarters on the river, where, also, there was considerable sickness before the cold weather. I am furnished with something over 600 as the number of burials in the grave yard there.

first wagon, if I mistake not, having but a day or two before halted into place. My first airing upon my convalescence took me to the mound, which probably to save digging, had been readapted to its original purpose. In this brief interval they had filled the trench with bodies, and furrowed the ground with graves around it, like the plowing of a field.

The lengthened sojourn of the Mormons in this insalubrious region, was imposed upon them by circumstances which I must now advert to.

Though the season was late, when they first crossed the Missouri, some of them moved forward with great hopefulness, full of the notion of viewing and chosing their new homes that year. But the van had only reached Grand Island and the Pawnee Villages, when they were overtaken by more ill news from Nauvoo. Before the summer closed, their enemies set upon the last remnant of those who were left behind in Illinois. They were a few lingerers, who could not be persuaded but there might yet be time for them to gather up their worldly goods before removing, some weakly mothers and their infants, a few delicate young girls, and many cripples and bereaved and sick people. These had remained under shelter, according to the Mormon statement at least, by virtue of an express covenant in their behalf. If there was such a covenant it was broken. A vindictive war was waged upon them, from which the weakest fled in scattered parties, leaving the rest to make a reluctant and almost ludicrously unavailing defence, till the 17th day of September, when 1,625 troops entered Nauvoo, and drove all forth who had not retreated before that time.

Like the wounded birds of a flock fired into toward nightfall, they came straggling on with faltering steps, many of them without bag or baggage, beast or barrow,* all asking shelter or burial, and forcing a fresh repartition of the already divided rations of their friends. It was plain now, that every energy must be taxed to prevent the entire expedition from perishing. Further emigration for the time was out of the question, and the whole people prepared themselves for encountering another winter on the prairie.

Happily for the main body, they found themselves at this juncture among Indians who were amicably disposed. The lands on both sides of the Missouri, in particular, were owned by the Pottawatamies and Omahas, two tribes whom unjust treatment by our United States, had the effect of rendering most auspiciously hospitable to strangers whom they regarded as persecuted like themselves.

The Pottawatamies on the eastern side, are a nation from whom the United States bought some years ago a number of hundred thousand acres of the finest lands they have ever brought into market. Whatever the bargain was, the sellers were not content with it; the people saying their leaders were cheated, made drunk, bribed, and all manner of naughty things besides. No doubt this was quite as much of a libel on the fair fame of this particular Indian treaty, as such stories generally are; for the land to which the tribe was removed in pursuance of it, was admirably adapted to enforce habits of civilized thrift. It was smooth prairie, wanting in timber, and of course in game; and the humane and philanthropic might rejoice therefore that necessity would soon indoctrinate its inhabitants into the practice of agriculture. An impracticable few, who may have thought these advantages more than compensated by the insalubrity of their allotted resting place, fled to the extreme wilds, where they could find deer, and woods, and rocks, and running water, and where, I believe, they are roaming to this day. The remainder being what the political vocabulary designates on such occasions as Friendly Indians, were driven—marched is the word—galley slaves are marched thus to Barcelona and Toulon—marched from the Mississippi to the Missouri, and planted there. Discontented and unhappy they had hardly begun to form an attachment for this new soil, when they were persuaded to exchange it

* I knew of an orphan boy, for instance, who came on by himself at this time a foot, starting with no other provision than his trowser's pocket full of biscuit, given him from a steamboat on the Mississippi.

for their present *Fever Patch* upon the Kaw or Kansas River. They were under this second sentence of transportation, when the Mormons arrived among them.

They were pleased with the Mormons. They would have been pleased with any whites who would not cheat them, nor sell them whiskey, nor whip them for their poor gipsey habits, nor bear themselves indecently toward their women, many of whom among the Pottawatamies, especially those of nearly unmixed French descent, are singularly comely, and some of them educated. But all Indians have something like a sentiment of reverence for the insane, and admire these who sacrifice, without apparent motive, their worldly welfare to the triumph of an idea. They understood the meaning of what they call a great vow, and think it the duty of the right-minded to lighten the votary's penance under it. To this feeling they united the sympathy of fellow sufferers for those who could talk to them of their own Illinois, and tell the story how from it they also had been ruthlessly expelled.

Their hospitality was sincere, almost delicate. Fanny Le Clerc, the spoiled child of the great brave, Pied Riche, interpreter of the nation, would have the pale face Miss Devine learn duets with her to the guitar; and the daughter of substantial Joseph La Framboise, the interpreter of the United States,—she died of the fever that summer,—welcomed all the nicest young Mormon Kitties and Lizzies, and Jennies and Susans, to a coffee feast at her father's house, which was probably the best cabin in the river village. They made the Mormons at home, there and elsewhere. Upon all their lands they formally gave them leave to tarry just so long as should suit their own good pleasure.

The affair, of course, furnished material for a solemn council. Under the auspices of an officer of the United States, their chiefs were summoned, in the form befitting great occasions, to meet in the dirty yard of one Mr. P. A. Sarpy's log trading house, at their village. They came in grand toilet, moving in their fantastic attire with so much aplomb and genteel measure, that the stranger found it difficult not to believe them high-born gentlemen, attending a costumed ball. Their aristocratically thin legs, of which they displayed fully the usual Indian proportion, aided this illusion. There is something, too, at all times, very mock-Indian in the theatrical French millinery tie of the Pottawatamie turban; while it is next to impossible for a sober white man, at first sight, to believe that the red, green, black, blue, and yellow cosmetics, with which he sees such grave personages so variously dotted, diapered, cancelled, and arabesqued, are worn by them in any mood but one of the deepest and most desperate quizzing. From the time of their first squat upon the ground, to the final breaking up of the council circle, they sustained their characters with equal self-possession and address.

I will not take it upon myself to describe their order of ceremonies; indeed, I ought not, since I have never been able to view the habits and customs of our aborigines in any other light than that of a reluctant and sorrowful subject of jest. Besides, in this instance, the displays of pow wow and eloquence were both probably moderated, by the conduct of the entire transaction on temperance principles. I therefore content myself with observing, generally, that the proceedings were such as every way became the grandeur of the parties interested, and the magnitude of the interests involved. When the Red Men had indulged to satiety in tobacco smoke from their peace pipes, and in what they love still better, their peculiar metaphoric rodomontade, which, beginning with celestial bodies, and coursing downwards over the grandest sublunary objects, always managed to alight at last on their Grand Father Polk, and the tenderness for him of his affectionate colored children; all the solemn funny fellows present, who played the part of Chiefs, signed formal articles of convention with their unpronounceable names.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' MILLENNIAL STAR.

MONDAY, APRIL 3, 1876.

EVIDENCES OF THE TRUTH.

THE Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was organized in Fayette, Seneca County, State of New York, on the 6th of April, 1830, with only six members. To day it is a great commonwealth—great in those elements which constitute greatness—unity, virtue, skill, and industry, and above all in the favor and guidance of Almighty God. Located in the vast American Basin or summit plateau of the Rocky Mountains, a basin some 500 miles in diameter and betwixt 4000 and 5000 feet above sea level, it stands in the heart of the American Continent, literally like "a city that is set on a hill." It exists in fulfillment of Daniel's prediction, who foretold that sometime in the days of the disunited kingdoms typified by the toes of Nebuchadnezzar's image, "the God of heaven should set up a kingdom, which shall never be destroyed; and the kingdom shall not be left to other people, but it shall break in pieces and consume all these kingdoms, and it shall stand for ever." (Dan. ii, 44.)

The Latter-day Saints are called an exceedingly credulous people; weak, ignorant, fanatical, etc., because they believe that God has restored the Gospel and again set up his kingdom upon the earth. But in our opinion it requires far greater credulity, in an intelligent person who is reasonably well informed in the matter, to believe that the Latter-day Saints are deluded.

No one can prove the Gospel without obeying it, hence only the Saints are really qualified to determine its truth, and these only so far as their obedience to its principles may have extended. Yet the *external* evidences of the truth of the Gospel are of such a character that we are persuaded that no candid, intelligent inquirer who investigates them without prejudice, and is really seeking after truth, can honestly reject them.

We concede that the work of God may seem marvelous, but God's works generally do until understood. The statement of the Dutch philosopher to the Indian prince, that in Holland water often became solidified to that degree that elephants might walk upon its surface, seemed utterly incredible to the Indian, who had never seen ice. And although he entertained the utmost respect for the philosopher and his statements in general, yet in this particular he utterly refused to listen to him. Herein the prince was undoubtedly unwise, past experience should have taught him not to ignore the philosopher's veracity, but he suffered prejudice to prevail over reason, and refused to understand. This is precisely the predicament of many with regard to the Gospel of Christ now restored to earth.

If it were desired to instruct a Pagan in Christianity, what progress could be made with him if he refused to examine its evidences, or examined them solely to find fault with them? Again, would that Pagan—no matter how learned in all other respects—would he be able to justly represent Christianity to others? As regards the restored Gospel, the world's learned are precisely like that Pagan, and these lead the multitude to reject the glorious light that God has again offered to man. They are "blind leaders of the blind," and as the Savior said of such, "if the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch."

The restored Gospel recommends itself by its comprehensiveness, its infallibility, and its perfect harmony with the Scriptures. Immediate revelation was the life of primitive Christianity, and when that ceased to be given to men, Christianity waxed feeble, waned and died. With the restored Gospel came immediate revelation, and Christianity was born again upon the earth. It brought "apostles, prophets, teachers, miracles, gifts of healings, helps, governments, and diversities of tongues," just as Paul described the Church or body of Christ in his day. "The letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life." "The things of God knoweth no man save by the Spirit of God." These Scriptural sayings attest the fact that the Church of Christ cannot exist upon the earth without an inspired ministry. Nor can any one receive the Gospel who does not receive the spirit of revelation.

We read in the Holy Scriptures, that "apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors and teachers" were placed in the Church "for the work of the ministry," yet the modern divines tell us such a ministry is not now requisite. Paul said they were "for the perfecting of the Saints;" modern divines say the Saints can be perfected without them. Paul said they were "for the edifying of the body of Christ," and were to continue "till the Saints should come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ." Modern divines say the body of Christ can now be edified without these; and that as the Saints have come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ, therefore inspiration has long since ceased. But why, if this unity and perfection and fullness have been reached, do sects and parties and creeds still multiply every year? How comes it they are so divided, and are all teaching conflicting doctrines—some of them fundamental—yet professing to be taught by the same infallible word of God, their sole rule of faith and practice? Are they not rather, in plain truth, "tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine, by the sleight of men, and cunning craftiness, whereby they lie in wait to deceive?" And is not this the very condition of things Paul tells us (Eph. iv, 11—14) Christ instituted an inspired ministry to prevent?

Why are not the merits of Christianity, as it exists to-day, held up to convince the pagan, the infidel, and the unconverted? Why is it that the evidences of the truth of Christianity, as advanced by the learned, relate only to the first and the earlier centuries, and not to the nineteenth?

True, it is highly proper that the truth of the origin of the system should be first established, but it by no means follows that because a tree has been firmly rooted that it cannot afterwards fall into decay. We read that the Jews were

broken off from the olive tree (the Church of Christ) because of transgression (Rom. xi, 20), and in the succeeding verses the Gentiles are admonished to take heed lest they too should be cut off. Hence if, as the Protestants admit, the Church fell into darkness and idolatry with the growth of the Papal hierarchy, the Gentiles must also have been broken off, as foretold by Daniel and by John the Revelator; and hence revelation must have ceased, and the authority to administer the ordinances of the Church must have ceased, and therefore the very existence of the Church upon the earth must have ceased also. It would savor much more of consistency therefore, did the Protestants attempt to shew the restoration of ecclesiastical authority, from on high, at some time subsequent to the Papal apostacy, rather than dwell so exclusively upon the evidences of the establishment of the Church in the Apostolic age.

All of these evidences are founded absolutely on the supernatural; that is to say, that Christ rose from the dead, and was seen by his Apostles who testified of him, and also declared that they had received power and authority through the ministration of angels and the gift of the Holy Ghost, to organize Christ's Church and induct members thereinto. Added to these is the literal fulfillment of prophecy, also of a supernatural character.

It is affirmed of these evidences—handed down to us through dark ages of clouded tradition—that as the Apostles must have known the truth or falsity of what they delivered, and would not have incurred the privations, hardships, and sufferings, they voluntarily endured for what they knew to be false; they therefore serve to prove that the Apostles *must* have seen Jesus after his resurrection, and *must* have received the ministration of angels and the gift of the Holy Ghost; and that they were thereby duly authorized to establish the Christian Church.

We think the argument alluded to, a perfectly sound one, provided there be absolute assurance that the Apostles really delivered that testimony, and really suffered what it is alleged they did in support of it. We think, moreover, that it requires greater credulity to disbelieve it than to believe it. In other words, that it is easier to believe that the Apostles saw and experienced what they alleged they did, and for which they suffered; than to believe that they suffered while they knew their own allegations to be false.

But if that evidence establishes the truth of the primal organization of the Church, then the same class and amount of evidence must establish the truth of its restoration.

Joseph Smith affirmed that he had personal communion with Jesus Christ, and with holy angels, and in a manner beyond the possibility of self-deception; and many others deliver a similar testimony of their personal experience, such as Sidney Rigdon, Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer, Martin Harris, and others who suffered greatly in support of it. Joseph Smith, after twenty-four years of unparalleled trials and sufferings, fell a martyr to the testimony which he delivered, as did his brother Hyrum, and many others. The Church of Christ has thus been restored to the earth, and although many martyrs have fallen, thousands of living disciples still testify of, and rejoice in the possession of the same gifts and graces which characterized primitive Christianity, and are now actively engaged in building up the kingdom of God upon the earth.

Never did more glorious news salute the ears of men. Who can consistently

ignore so great a cloud of witnesses, and yet profess to believe in the unseen and the unheard, of whom, after all, tradition says they delivered only a similar testimony?

D. McK.

RELEASED.—Elders James Payne and A. Goodliffe are released to return to Utah, and purpose leaving on the Guion & Co.'s S.S. *Wisconsin*, April 12th. We wish them and Elder S. Empey, previously released, a safe journey and happy return.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

AUSTRALIA.

Foots-cray, Melbourne,
Jan. 26, 1876.

Prest. Albert Carrington.

Dear Brother,—I am happy to be able to say we have received strong reinforcements from Zion. Brother Isaac Groo, and six other brethren, arrived in Sydney on Dec. 26th. They also left four others at Auckland. This gives us 14 Elders in these colonies from Zion. At present there are five in New Zealand, two in Tasmania, two in Victoria, and five in New South Wales.

The work of the Lord seems to have come to a stand still here, the people seeming to care for nothing but money, and the pleasure which it brings to them. Upon my arrival here I found a number of brother O. Pratt's pamphlets on hand, both here and in Sydney, and divided them between brothers Miller, Steed, and myself. I commenced the circulation of these in the suburbs of Melbourne, brother Miller did the same in Sydney, and brother Steed in New Zealand.

I have preached every Sunday (or nearly so,) in the open air in this place, to audiences of from 50 to 150 persons.

On Saturday, Jan. 22nd, I advertized two meetings for Sunday, 23rd, in the open air, instead of one, as before, and preached at 2.30 about seven miles down the bay, and at 4.30 here on my usual spot. A large crowd gathered, and it was soon apparent that the meeting was not going to be so quiet as they had been for the last three months. An elderly lady commenced to swing her umbrella, and to talk very loudly about polygamy, Mountain Meadows, etc., at which several drunken men began to chime in with her, calling me a murderer, adulterer, etc. Some said I ought to be hung—others would have me shot—while others again said that either was too good for me; some, however, demanded that I should be allowed to proceed and preach unmolested, and I endeavored to do so. Sometimes their noise and uproar would almost drown my voice, but I held the ground and bore a faithful testimony to the purity of the Gospel, to the character of President Young and the Latter-day Saints, and gave notice that I would preach there again the next Sunday. There is no protection here for a man preaching out of doors. Any person has the right, in the eyes of the law, to stand close to him and commence talking, and success depends upon which is the favorite with the crowd.

The people here are mostly bent on seeking pleasure at any cost. Racing, boating, cricketing, drinking, gambling, and all the attendant evils, are the order here. But I pray that God our eternal Father will enable us to reach the honest in heart. At present it looks very dark. I hope it is that dark hour "just before day." Prest. Isaac Groo will no doubt leave nothing undone that can be done.

May God bless your efforts, and those of our brethren laboring with you. I have the pleasure of knowing many of them to be men of God. There are yet some Saints in England whom I knew there over twenty-three years ago, but I hope they will never let go their hold of the iron rod.

Prest. Groo is located at present at

No. 9, Denham Street, Glebe, Sydney, N.S.W.

A line from any of the Valley Elders would be very comforting to your humble servant.

Give my very best love to all the brethren in the Office, and believe me your friend and brother in the covenant of peace and salvation,

JOB WELLING.

ELDER JONES AND PARTY. — We make the following extracts from a letter, dated at El Paso Co., Texas, Feb. 17th, from Elder J. Z. Stewart, a member of Elder D. W. Jones' missionary party, to brother James Dwyer, of this city :—

"The Padre, who was so severe on us, has since been heard to say that we are gentlemen, minding our own business; and instead of our being shunned by the people generally, we are treated with the greatest respect, especially by the more enlightened portion of the community.

"The prospect is favorable for us baptizing a few in this section. Brother Pratt and myself held an evening meeting at a private house last week, in San Elizano, seven miles below here, and we were treated kindly and had a very pleasant time. Our congregation was Americans, Mexicans, and Indians; Catholics are fordidden by the priests to attend. The principal part of the people here are in the depths of poverty, and are likely to remain so, unless their minds are enlightened by the Spirit of God, for they are very ignorant, and the efforts of the priests are to keep them so. They are very devoted to their religion, and actually attend church every day in the week. They are not allowed to read the Bible or talk with those who are not of their faith on religious subjects. They make no improvements; they almost universally sell their crops before they are matured, and frequently before they come up in the spring.

"The land in this vicinity is good, and there is good grazing. Lumber is high, the nearest saw timber being at least 100 miles. The river bottom is sparsely covered with cottonwood trees, black willow, and a kind of wood called mescru.

"There is not a stationery store in this or Bravo County, and books, etc., are extremely scarce. We have tried ever since we left Utah to get a map of Mexico, and have utterly failed thus far, and when I read your letter, and came to that part which speaks of the map, brother Jones spoke up and said, 'That is just what we want, tell brother Dwyer you will accept of his kind offer.'

"We are doing the best we can, whenever an opportunity is afforded, to enlighten the minds of the Indians upon the principles of the everlasting Gospel.

"Brother Pratt and I are together here, brother Jones and son and Ivins are at El Paso, Mexico, making saddles, and brother Tenney and Smith are on the road to Ysieta, New Mexico, intending to labor among the Indians in that Territory.

"We expect to start to the city of Chihuahua about the 15th of March, after which we think, from what we have learned concerning the postal regulations of Mexico, that we will not be able to write much, letters costing from 50 to 55 cents each.

J. Z. STEWART."

—*Deseret News, March* 7, 1876.

POLITICAL PARTIES AND PARTISANS.

Salt Lake City, Feb. 29, 1876.

Editor Deseret News.

I am growing fat, very fat, reading of, and listening to, the various political parties that are being organized in Salt Lake City. First came a call for a republican meeting, or convention. A prompt response was made by two distinct parties. Two chairmen were elected, two persons tried to speak, one at last got a hearing. He gave his whole history in precisely one and a half minutes, and then fell to abusing the "Mormons"—of course he could not be loyal to his country without this. The party did split, they have stayed split since, and they are daily splitting one another.

Several days later a few of the old, broken, "Liberal" ring, with a sprinkling of gentlemen whose names were obtained by making them believe that it was going to be a democratic meeting, made a call and met at the Court House the same evening to organize a

"democratic" party of their own. It was freely circulated around the streets during the day that old democrats or "Mormons" were not wanted. At the meeting speeches were in order. Rebels felt an undying love for the Union, Union men were down on Grant, a butcher killed the old democratic party. One nice old gentleman could not join unless he knew that all "Mormons" were excluded. Being assured of this, he shouted for joy.

All these mal-contents, defunct politicians, soreheads, with the bread and butter brigade, want to serve their country by abusing good, law-abiding citizens, provided that they will not give them office. Now, gentlemen, as most of you are old, and all are middle aged, if you are of so much value to the country, why did you not stay at home, where you could be appreciated? Or is this what's the matter—that the "Mormons" can, and more, will do without you, your undying love to serve them notwithstanding? To one who knows you all, it looks as if you were praying thus—"Congress, do come to our rescue. Make some law disfranchising these 'Mormons.' Put us in office, and put them out, so that we can best serve our country (rebels and all), or we will have to go to the Black Hills, or come down to carrots, and some of us will have to pay these horrid 'Mormons' the rent and board we owe them."

In this communication I wish it distinctly understood that I do not cast any reflections upon those gentlemen who were drawn into those meetings by deception. As to the rest, I still laugh and grow fat.

ALL O. K.

—*Deseret News, March* 3, 1876.

UTAH NEWS.

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From the *Deseret News*:—

ARIZONA MISSIONARIES.—Bishop Kesler received a dispatch from Kanab, March 4th, stating that the men selected to go south from the 16th Ward arrived safe at that place on the 1st, after a hard time in the snow. The party intended leaving Kanab yesterday.

GOING SOUTH.—Elders Morris B. Young and M. H. Hardy purposed starting on a trip south about March 10th, for the purpose of organizing Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations in the settlements. They will not go further at this time than Nephi, and expect to return by Conference, after which they intend going on a similar mission as far as St. George.

WAITING FOR IRON.—Work on the piece of railroad track, which is being constructed under the superintendence of Sup. O. P. Arnold, between a point opposite the south gate of the Temple Block and the east end of the Z. C. M. I. new building, will be delayed a short time until the arrival of sufficient iron to finish it.

ANCIENT COINS.—The Deseret Museum is in receipt of a volume on Free Masonry, presented by the author, Robert Morris, L.L. D.; also several ancient coins from Palestine and Rome; the "Widow's Mite," a "Jerusalem halfpenny," of great antiquity, a silver penny of Trajan, and a genuine Nero, with Greek legend.

OBITUARY.—We have received the following concerning brother Robert Harris, of Kaysville, deceased, in addition to the late notice of his death:—Brother Robert Harris was a native of Gloucestershire, England. He was born Dec. 28, 1808. He lived for many years in Apperley, Gloucestershire, where he embraced the Gospel in 1840, being converted and baptized by Elder Wilford Woodruff. Deceased was a member of the "United Brethren," hundreds of whom (nearly all) in Herefordshire, Gloucestershire, and Worcestershire, were brought into the Church through the labors of Elder Woodruff, under God's blessing. He arrived in Nauvoo with his family in 1841. He

went through all the trials and persecutions until 1846, when he left for the West with the body of the Church. At Mount Pisgah he volunteered into the "Mormon Battalion," leaving his wife, with seven small children, on the prairie. He went with the Battalion to Mexico and California, sharing with them their great hardships and toils. He returned by way of Fort Hall to his family in Winter Quarters, reaching them in December, 1848. After residing two years at Council Point, preparing his outfit, he left on the 1st of June, 1850, with his family, crossing the Plains in Aaron Johnson's company, and reaching Salt Lake City in September following. In March 1851, he moved to and settled in Kaysville. He has left a wife and thirteen children, all of whom are firm in the faith of the Gospel (ten of them married), and between forty and fifty grandchildren. He was loved and honored by all who knew him. His remains were followed to the grave by fifty-seven carriages, and over 300 people, among whom was Elder W. Woodruff, who preached the funeral sermon.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

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At the Annual Meeting of the Union Pacific Railroad Company, held in Boston, March 6th, the following officers were chosen—President, Sidney Dillon; Vice-president, Elisha Atkins; Treasurer and Secretary, E. H. Rollins. Board of Directors, each receiving 315,283 votes—Oliver Ames, Elisha Atkins, Sidney Dillon, G. Dexter, Benj. E. Bates, Oliver Ames the 2nd, James D. Smith, C. J. Osborne, Samuel W. Mills, Jay Gould, Ezra H. Baker, to succeed his father of the same name, S. H. H. Clark, *vice* George A. Scott, Joseph Richardson, John Sharp (of Utah), and G. M. Dodge.

In Ohio.—Brother J. H. Ward writes from Marion County, Ohio, to the *Deseret News*, Feb. 28th, that there is much inquiry there concerning the principles of the Gospel. He says—"The presiding elder (Methodist) came here and preached against the 'Mormons,' but this was what Mr. Barnum would call a good advertisement. Nearly every day persons come, asking me to lend them some of our papers, while others declare they are the most interesting papers they ever read. As I have no authority to preach or baptize, I hope these lines will meet the eye of some good Elder, who will deviate from his course and give us a call."

How They Differ.—This is the way the Omaha *Bee* puts the conflict of opinion as regards the value and expedience of woman suffrage in Utah:—"The diversity of opinions on the efficacy of woman suffrage as a means of relief from political corruption and oppression, is ludicrously illustrated by a contrast of the claims of the numerous advocates of woman's rights and the opposers of Mormonism. While the woman suffragists of the Susan B. Anthony and Anna Dickinson school denounce Mormonism as an oppressive and tyrannical system over helpless women, and advocate woman suffrage as a means of relief, the political opponents of Mormonism claim the reason for continued Mormon victories at elections in Salt Lake City is because the Mormon women are allowed the privilege of the ballot box." We may add that before the women of this Territory had the suffrage, the politicians too had the idea that it would be a grand thing towards the "explosion" of "Mormonism." But as woman suffrage does not bring on that much-desired explosion, nor help it, the politicians have changed their minds on the subject. Now their pet hobby and bright particular notion is to disfranchise the "Mormons," male and female. The politicians conclude that such a rule is the only thing that will enable them to out-vote the "Mormons" at the polls.—*Deseret News, March* 6.

——The following is a piece of a story by a woman in the Boston *Cultivator:* "'I can get forty women to marry me, within fifty miles of this village,' said

a man to me the other day, 'but I can't find a woman anywhere who will come and help my wife, and she is breaking down every day.'" Then why in the world does not that man get some of those forty women to marry him and go and help his wife, so that she need not be "breaking down every day?" This "breaking down every day" of women is not pleasant, it is not right, and it ought to be promptly remedied, and if it can be remedied by marrying more women, why, set the bells a ringing, and let us have some more weddings.

——The Chicago *Advance* is exercised upon the matter of plurality of wives, and asks, "What are we going to do about polygamy if we are not a Christian nation?" and thinks that since the Old Testament Scriptures distinctly allow a plurality of wives, the "Mormons" can justly claim to be let alone on the score of religious freedom as the Constitution now stands.

——The New York *Independent* talks in this way concerning E. D. Winslow, the Boston forger:—"He was a clergyman of high repute, an eloquent preacher, much sought after by vacant churches, and preached two very effective sermons on the Sabbath previous to his flight. There was in his pulpit appeals a fervor of spirituality and sanctity very delightful and edifying. Everybody wants to know how so good a man could be so great a villain."

——The *Hour* states that Lord Derby has called on the Emma mine company to withdraw its suit against Robert Schenck, on the ground that the writ of arrest was served while Schenck held the office of ambassador, and was therefore illegal. The company, in deference to Lord Derby, immediately withdrew the writ, and have sent a letter to Schenck notifying him of the withdrawal. The *Hour* says that Schenck's course in quitting England without taking leave of the Queen is unprecedented.

Official Corruption in the United States.—Where will the end be with us? It was only the other day that we printed an able and elaborate article from one high in authority in Washington, advocating the nomination of the President for a third term. We called attention to it as the culmination of the third term movement, as the official declaration that a party with a debauched Senate in power, with a retinue of flatterers, jobbers, and adventurers swarming about it, with thieving rings in whiskey, in real estate, in mining shares, in post stores, proposed to use this power to perpetuate the dynasty which now rules the country, and which bids fair to go into history as the worst administration we have ever had—worse even than those of Buchanan and Johnson. We repeat that Belknap is a symptom of the disease, not a sporadic case of personal dishonesty. This miserable and degraded wretch, who only yesterday was the Secretary of War, is a sample of the men who now govern the country. For this and for all that may come in its train the leaders of the Republican party are also responsible. Mr. Blaine, Mr. Conkling, Mr. Fish, Mr. Morton, Mr. Sherman, Mr. Edmunds, are all as responsible for the moral earthquake as the President. They have submitted to every command and indorsed every outrage. They have been the willing advocates of every act of usurpation which has marked the administration from St. Domingo down. By their aid this crowd of adventurers and jobbers, whose representative is now under impeachment, were enabled to hold power. They consented to all of it. They had no protest, no objection, and now, when the whole Belknap business stands before us in its naked deformity, when we see ring after ring breaking and developing the deepest corruption, when we find the American name over the world the synonym of official dishonesty, when because of the infamy of this trusted leader of the administration our very institutions are in reproach, it is time for the people, and especially for honest Republicans who remember the proud days when the party dared to proclaim emancipation, to compel a reluctant Lincoln to obey its will, and to drive a Johnson to the verge of impeachment, to hold the true culprits responsible. These men have been the leaders of the party for years. There is not a Republican senator who can escape this condemnation.—*New York Herald, March* 5.